

HIGHWAY 46 TO PASA ROBLES

It's a different place
when you need that
Billy Wayne confides
Round hills
they turn lion color in summer
distant ranch houses
old windmills turning
lonesome like
Everything purple blue
when night comes on
I pass through there now
and then
glad I don't have to stay

PERMANENT RESIDENT

Both men hold beer cans
and lean against a pickup
in their own stetson shade

I heard the tall one
tell the other

You know
and I know

and Jesus knows
this town ain't Nazareth
but what are you gonna
do

if you've put all your
eggs in one basket
and it's here in Modesto